

SERIAL
STORYThe
Isolated
ContinentA Romance of the
FutureBy
Guido von Horvath
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States and Great Britain.

SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with Prudent President critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Lydia, he warns his daughter Astra that a danger of foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Cyrene, but she before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will save the problem of flying. Prudent dies. Lydia sends a message to her son, Count von Werdenstein, a spy, because his long absence has worried her that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He promises to call on her the following day. Countess Rosina, a spy, because his long absence has worried her that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He promises to call on her the following day. Countess Rosina, a spy, because his long absence has worried her that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He promises to call on her the following day.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Napoleon bowed, and so the matter was settled. The Countess Rosina Rosiny was led into the room. Astra embraced the countess kindly. "Welcome to our continent, my dear countess."

Countess Rosina sobbed. Her heart seemed touched by the kind reception given her by the representative of the greatest republic! But though Napoleon Edison was a scientist, inventor and a discoverer, he could not see into the heart of the weak, beautiful woman. Had he known what was going on within it, he would have acted differently.

Astra invited the countess to stay with her in the Crystal Palace. It was almost midnight when Napoleon left, assuring Astra that he would call for her at eleven the next evening.

At the time appointed he was at the door with a powerful automobile. Astra refused to sit in the tonneau of the machine, so Napoleon assisted her to the seat beside him at the wheel and she let her hand rest lightly on his arm. The big machine ran evenly out of town, into the suburbs, and turned into a big garden that was a natural forest. The large mansion was deserted, but a garage showed signs of life. A broad stream of light spread out into the quiet summer night from one window. The sound of Napoleon's horn must have been familiar to the occupant of the building, as the large door was pushed open in time to let the large car enter.

Napoleon stopped the car and assisted the President down. Then taking the arm of a man who opened the door, he said:

"Excellency, allow me to present Mr. Santos Duprel, my best and trusted comrade."

The short man bowed with reverence. "Is everything ready?" asked Napoleon. The little man nodded.

Napoleon opened a door and led his guest through it; Santos locked the door of the garage and followed them. The room they entered opened skyward. A shimmering object, entirely filling the place, gleamed in the starlight. Napoleon led the President up a few steps, into a small space that was inclosed, but with something that was perfectly transparent, and asked her to sit down on a couch.

"Will you kindly wait here for a few moments?" he asked, and he went further forward. Astra's eyes became used to the dim light; she saw Napoleon stop before some complicated mechanism and a steering wheel. Santos came and closed the door through which they had entered the car. Electric sparks flew from something at the front.

"Are you ready?" asked Santos. "Ready!" was Napoleon's reply as he turned a lever. The machine started upward and two huge wings that Astra had not noticed before, began to beat the air. She had not experienced the slightest shock, yet she realized that they were going up with great velocity. The machine was practically noiseless, the only sound being a whistling murmur caused by the beating wings.

The coolness was perceptible and Astra wrapped her cloak more closely about her. Napoleon gave a twist to the wheel, and with a small light steadied his map and the compass.

Santos now took the wheel and Napoleon sat down opposite the President. He pointed out the different places as they rushed over them—Frankfort, Louisville, St. Louis, Wichita, Ashland, Santa Fe, Prescott and Los Angeles—then came the ocean. Astra sat silent. She had a great mind and her appreciative qualities were far above the average.

"The greenish light that you see just before us is the island of Cyrene," said Napoleon. A few minutes later the aerodrome settled down in a very large hangar, but as the place was dark Astra could not see the machine and its outer appearance. Napoleon helped her out and, showing her his watch, convinced her that they had made the trip in three hours; it was eleven o'clock.

"As rapidly as the earth revolves," remarked Astra. Napoleon led Astra into a large, square building in the center of the group. A peculiar odor greeted her nostrils as she entered. It was not disagreeable, but reminded her of some oppressive tropical flower. She followed Napoleon into the private laboratory.

Hours passed while Napoleon told the President everything, and the dawn was breaking as he led her out into the air. He led her to the hangar again and, turning all the electric lights on, he showed her all the aerodromes. "Six in all, and with these I can fight against the world and win."

Before Astra could reply, he said: "And now, your excellency, I would like to introduce you to the queen of this little colony."

Astra felt faint, but followed Napoleon as if in a dream.

They went to the nearest cottage. In the doorway stood a beautiful matron waiting to receive them. "Mother," said Napoleon, "let me introduce you to her excellency, the President of the United Republics."

Astra stepped forward and before Mrs. Edison could utter a word she embraced and kissed her, then, bowing her head on the matron's bosom, she wept tears of joy.

Neither spoke. They seemed to understand each other.

CHAPTER X.

Between Z Rays.

The general of the confederated European army and navy had arrived on the scene of action. The first line of resistance was down, and he believed the American continent ready for occupancy. In his official aeroplane he had hurried to take command.

Shortly after his arrival the scouting cruiser, Beelzebub, ran into the second line of Z rays and so reported by wireless to the admiral's ship. The man of war shook his fist toward the west: "You will not escape me, nevertheless!" He was angry and gave hurried orders to lay the necessary cables and move the engineering boats forward.

He had hardly finished his orders when another message came that was trifling, yet it annoyed him. The cruising aeroplanes sent word that a tremendous American eagle was approaching from the west. Many remembered that the eagle had been seen above Berlin; many of the seamen predicted disaster. Others laughed and did not take the news seriously.

The Count von Werdenstein stood on the bridge of the flagship Empress Britanna. His powerful glass eagerly sought the western horizon, searching the sky for that eagle.

The strange air craft crept nearer, headed directly for the flagship. The



"Welcome to Our Continent, My Dear Countess."

count saw that the under portion of the body was transparent, and that a single man was in it.

When the air craft arrived about two hundred feet above the flagship the red, white and blue flag with the stars was unfurled, and the craft stopped its flight, resting easily on the air, lazily moving its wings.

Was it the wonderful performance which had thrilled the seamen, or was it an intended cheer? Nobody knows, but all those who could see the eagle shouted a huzza. Only one man bit his lips nervously, the Count von Werdenstein.

The American flag saluted the cheering men, then a white flag of truce appeared beside it.

"I bring the greetings of the people of the American continent, and want to communicate with the commander in chief," came a clear, strong voice to the ears of the men on the flagship.

The generalissimo waved his hand toward the eagle. "If you will ascend the observation tower we can converse comfortably," added the voice to him.

The great chancellor went toward the elevator that carried him up to the tower, and the eagle descended until it was on a level with the top of the tower. Opening a side window, the bird man leaned out and saluted the count.

"Here we meet, face to face, your excellency!"

"The Chevalier di Leon!"

"The chevalier is no more, your honor; I am Napoleon Edison."

"Mr. Edison, you are worthy of your names, both of them."

"Thank you, sir!" humbly.

"I presume you have come to renew your offer."

"The time of offering is gone, your excellency." Napoleon's voice was cold and cutting. The count was surprised.

"I have come to your excellency to deliver the message from the United American Republics."

"Yes! I am listening."

"The navy of the European confederacy entered American waters with apparent warlike intention and destroyed the first isolation line. The United Republics took note of this unlawful action and hence give you warning that unless the navy under your personal command is removed from these waters immediately, the United Republics of America will cut you off from your resources and make prisoners of all the vessels that linger in the zone where they are at present."

"Twelve hours are given for retreat!"

The Count von Werdenstein lost his temper on hearing these words and took them for a personal insult.

"Can I see the papers that make you the bearer of such an impudent message?"

Napoleon moved the wheel a trifle and the bird slid toward the count, who took the sealed package from his hand. He broke it open and read:

"The bearer, Mr. Napoleon Edison, is the all-powerful representative of the President of the U. S. of A."

(Signed) ASTRA PRUDENT.

(Seal)

The count smiled and said while folding the paper: "Tell to those who sent you that I, Count von Werdenstein, commander in chief of the navies and armies of the European confederacy, will break down all the resistance that may be before me, and will land and occupy the countries that you call the United Republics of America. The warning that you give me will not be considered, neither will your actions be feared. I am headed for the American continent and I will land."

"This is your final answer, your excellency?"

"It is."

"Please listen to me for a moment, not as a courier and representative, but as man to man."

"Not so very long ago I was your prisoner, and when I told you that, you would escape, you only laughed, escaped, and am standing here before you as proof that I can do what you say. Count von Werdenstein, how can you answer for the mass murder that you will be responsible for? We have tried to avoid conflict."

"You speak as if a mighty army and navy were at your elbow! What can you, a single man, do against the force back of me?"

"Then you will not believe me, will not heed the warning I give you? Count, look into your own heart! I, a single man, have the power to send you, with all your force, to the bottom of the sea. I, alone, plead with you to return to your own land and let your armies and navies disband, for if you don't, many will never see their loved ones again."

The count was impressed by Napoleon's sad voice, but there were many things to be considered, and above all else, his own pride. A thousand deaths would be easier to account for than the fact that he, Count von Werdenstein, at the command of a single man in an odd airship, turned homeward and abandoned the invasion of America.

When he spoke, there was bitterness in his voice:

"Mr. Edison, something tells me that you can do as you say. I know that, yet I will forget it until I arrive on American shores; I will not hesitate for a second, I will go forward to win or die. If there is only one chance in a million, I will try it. No shame shall besmirch the name of Werdenstein."

"I am sorry, Count von Werdenstein, but we must defend our country and liberty. I will now remove the flag of truce and return to America and from this second on you can consider me an enemy."

He closed the window, touched a lever and with one mighty beat of the flexible wings the machine ascended at least a hundred feet.

The count looked after Napoleon. His face was pale as he hurriedly descended to the bridge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Americans and the Rich. The United States is perhaps the only country in the world in which money, in itself, carries no public honor or with it, and in which even the most lavish heaving of coins to the rabble goes unrewarded. An English Carnegie would have had a seat in the house of lords twenty years ago; a French Rockefeller would have sported the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor before he ever sported a toupee; a German Morgan could never have escaped the Red Eagle and privy council. But in the United States a great fortune is the most effective of all bars to public dignity and preferment, and even to private respect. Our Ryans and Harrimans are not idols, but targets; the one sure way to make a stir in politics is to attack them successfully.—H. L. Mencken in Smart Set.

"Does your son's new occupation as an aviator suit him?" "Well, not down to the ground."

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL
HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

WARREN'S DISCOVERY VINDICATES HELEN'S VIOLENT
ANTAGONISM FOR A NURSE

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

"These are single sheets—that's all that's in there," announced the nurse after an exploration of the hall closet.

"Oh, those are for the maid's bed," Helen turned restlessly on her fever-beated pillow. "Look on the lower shelf."

"There's only pillowcases and a spread—no large sheets."

"Then we haven't any more," weakly. "You've changed the bed every day."

"A sick bed must be changed every day," with irritating assertiveness. "I'll phone Ardman's and have some sent up special."

"Mrs. O'Grady washes today," protested Helen helplessly.

"But I want to fix you up before the doctor comes. You'll need more sheets anyway," she was looking for the number. "Hello, Bryant 82200—Ardman's?—The linen department, please."

The flush on Helen's face was not due wholly to the fever, as she listened with smothered resentment to Miss Saunders' authoritative order for four sheets, double-bed size, sent special.

Her aversion for this nurse's assertive personality had become a feverish animosity. And her extravagance—her wasteful extravagance!

Miss Saunders was now by the bed shaking down the thermometer.

"Oh, rinse it off first!" objected Helen, shrinking back.

"Rinse it off?" with a flush of displeasure. "I never give a thermometer without washing it thoroughly. Under the tongue, please."

Their eyes met in open hostility as Helen held the glass tube between her unwilling lips. It had not been washed!

With an air of cold displeasure, Miss Saunders took her pulse, removed the thermometer and replaced it still unwashed.

Knowing her temperature was taken every four hours, Helen grimly determined to watch that thermometer. Would she dare give it to her again without making even a pretense at rinsing it?

There had been other things about which the nurse seemed inexcusably careless. In many little ways Helen knew she was deliberately ignoring the doctor's orders about the sterile and antiseptic precautions.

"I'd like to brush my teeth first," as Miss Saunders appeared with a cup of chicken broth.

"You can do that afterward. I want you to have this while it's hot."

"I haven't brushed my teeth this morning," protested Helen firmly.

Her thin mouth set in obstinate lines, she brought a glass of water, toothbrush and small enameled bowl. Beyond holding the glass, she made no effort to prop Helen's head or to help in the awkward operation.

"Oh, I hate her—I hate her!" flared Helen inwardly as the nurse removed the things, her disdainful fingers holding the toothbrush as though it were contaminating.

The lump of enmity in her throat. Helen barely tasted the broth. Leaving the soup on the table, the nurse rustled out to answer the phone.

"Hello!—Oh, it's Mr. Curtis?—She's resting very quietly.—Yes, she's had her broth."

For the moment Helen's hostility was submerged in the thrilled glow that Warren had called up within an hour after he had reached the office.

"You can take that broth out—and wash all those glasses," ordered Miss Saunders, as Dora came in with the sweeper and dust cloth.

"I got my own work to do," sullenly.

"Empty that wastebasket," coolly ignoring her unwillingness. "And put a fresh towel on this stand before the doctor comes."

"I don't want to worry you when you're sick, ma'am—but I can't do my work and hers too," muttered Dora, as the nurse frowned out. "She ought to do a little something to earn her five dollars a day."

"Try to get along the best you can, Dora. It won't be for long," conciliated Helen.

"If you could see the way she wastes things in the kitchen. All them white eggs she uses for that albumen water—what d'you think she does with the yolks? Throws them in the sink!"

"Throws them away?" indignantly.

"Why didn't you tell her?"

"No, ma'am. I won't have no words with her. I won't take no more of her orders—and she needn't come out there makin' a lot of dishes."

As the morning dragged on, it seemed to Helen that Miss Saunders deliberately contrived to irritate and antagonize her. Instead of a nurse's soothing sympathy, her whole attitude was raspingly combative.

When at 12 o'clock she again took the thermometer from the chif-

foner, Helen was watching her every movement. Without even taking it into the bathroom, she shook it down and brought it to the bed.

"Miss Saunders," with quiet intensity, "that thermometer hasn't been washed since I had it before."

"I beg your pardon," loftily, "but I always wash a thermometer when I take it from the patient's mouth. Under your tongue, please."

"You didn't wash this one," unflinchingly. "I watched you."

"Now I'd like to take your temperature." Her voice implied that Helen's remarks were the ravings of a sick and irresponsible mind.

"Not until you rinse off that thermometer."

"Then I'm to tell the doctor you refuse to let me take your temperature?"

"You can tell him anything you choose."

Sick, unstrung, her heart beating in her throat and arms, Helen lay in feverish, consuming hatred, as the nurse swept out.

Her head ached, the pillow was too low. The glass of water was just beyond her thirsty reach—but she would wait until Dora came.

When the girl, with eager but clumsy solicitude, was ministering to her wants, Warren, without his usual heralding of heavy footsteps, tiptoed noiselessly into the room.

"Why, where's the nurse?" frowning at Dora's awkward attentions.

"Oh—oh, I'm so glad you've come! I don't want her—I don't want her ever to touch me again." And Helen burst into a hysterical account of the morning's happenings.

"Now you're getting yourself all worked up over nothing. If she wasn't a good nurse—doctor wouldn't have her here. You've got one of your foolish prejudices, and you can't—"

"Warren, it isn't prejudice! I tell you she doesn't follow the doctor's orders! She hates her work—she isn't fitted for the nurse. If you won't tell him about that thermometer—I will! No conscientious nurse would—"

"Oh, all right," yielding with frowning reluctance. "I'll speak to him."

"Dear, don't think I am unreasonable. If you'd only believe me! You're not here all day—you don't know what she does."

"Now, we won't talk about it any more. You quiet down—or you'll send up your fever. I'll stay here till the doctor comes."

Weak with exhausting emotions, Helen lay back with closed eyes. The sense of injustice rankled sorely. It was useless to combat Warren's belief in the nurse, for when either he or the doctor was present she was always so meticulously attentive.

It was after one when the doctor came. Helen, listening tensely, heard Warren take him into the library, where she could catch only the mumble of their lowered voices.

After an interminable wait the door swung open and the doctor came in followed by Miss Saunders, her face flushed and set.

"Well, how is our patient today?" with professional cheerfulness.

Not trusting herself to speak, Helen shaded her eyes with her arm, but her lips quivered betrayingly.

Drawing a chair to the bed, he took her hand with a soothing:

"We're making a change in your nurse. Miss Saunders has a slight cold, and we can't risk your catching it. She'll stay with you until five, then Miss Reeves will relieve her."

Her eyes still shaded, Helen only nodded, but the lace of her gown rose with a smothered sob of relief.

The doctor gone, she lay in relaxing quiet. How cleverly he had done it! What had Warren said? What had they told Miss Saunders?

"Well, she's fired!" Warren was alone with her now. "Feel better?"

"Oh, yes—yes." Then quiveringly: "But you don't believe me! You think she's all right—and that I'm unreasonable."

"No, Kitten, I guess you had her number." There was a grim note in his voice. "I've just found out a thing or two myself."

Forgetful of the doctor's orders, Helen, in breathless inquiry, half rose on her elbow.

"You don't have to prove your case against that female." He had risen to close the door. "Did a little sleuthing on my own account. Got the goods on her all right. Caught her faking the chart."

"The chart? You mean—"

"I mean she didn't write down a blooming thing yesterday. Just before the doctor came she took a blank chart, dated it Thursday and filled it out—temperature, medicine, nourishment—the whole rignarole. I kept busy with a newspaper till she was through—then I started something!"

"Oh, she knows—"

"She ought to," with a grin. "My language was emphatic, but plain. The doctor's pretty hot, too. He let her down easy before you, but it's the last case she'll ever get from him. You're all right, Kitten—this time your hunch was the real thing."

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